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Dye Trust Propaganda

EVIDENTLY Mr. Francis P. Garvan doesn't know that the war is over. Mr. Garvan is the 100 per cent warrior who modestly refers to himself in an official report as having "fought under Palmer." He is also the person who sold to close friends alien property, then in his custody, at bargain-counter prices. He is also the person who earnestly desires Congress to give the Dye Trust a five-year monopoly of dyes on purely patriotic grounds, of course, at present, but with a modest eye to future profits for that heroic and at least one million per cent plus patriotic organization.

Mr. Garvan held forth at Columbia University the other evening and thus described those who are opposed to his methods while in office and to the aims of the Dye Trust, founded upon the indefensible distribution of property held in trust by him:

"Moles in the darkness German agents in America are once more plotting against our security, our prosperity and even the health of our children."

If Mr. Garvan really believes what he says he is even sillier than we had supposed him to be—and we had given him a very large credit on that account.

The Hearst papers, with other American journals and citizens, have been and are emphatically opposed to the proposition to give the Dye Trust a stranglehold on American industry by creating a five-year monopoly. And if the Hearst papers did not have a saner understanding of what real American patriotism is than Mr. Francis P. Garvan has, they would not have, nor deserve to have, the confidence of the American people.

We trust that nobody at Columbia University is brainless enough to be taken in by such a revival of the wartime profiteers' trick of appealing to patriotism while slipping their fingers into the public's pocketbook.

The American chemical and dye industry has made great progress, naturally, since the war, and it is entitled to reasonable protection like all other American industries, and especially young industries like the chemical and dye industry. It is given generous protection in the Fordney bill, without the embargo principle.

The Dye Trust may not be a profiteering monopoly. We do not think it is now. But it will be if Congress is foolish enough to give it the chance.

How the health of our children will be ruined if the Dye Trust is not given a monopoly we do not know. To us such stuff sounds like twaddle and we think that all sane Americans feel the same way.

At any rate, we want no Dye Trust to monopolize this key industry and so levy tribute on every American family—children included.

The American Spirit.

IN his speech at Cleveland Postmaster General Will S. Hays not only presented in outline a sane political program but also coined a neat and timely slogan.

After pointing out reasons which cause keen students of affairs to believe that the adverse business tide has turned, he said:

"Prosperity is coming. It's time to go out and meet it."

There you have the hopeful philosophy which has made America leader of the world.

Times are bad. Many are out of work. A winter of want and suffering impends. How shall such conditions be met?

Not by exaggerating the evils or spreading a contagion of dismay.

But by facing facts and putting forth whole-souled constructive efforts to improve them.

Nothing is so catching as hopelessness unless it be enthusiasm in a worthy cause.

Something to Think About

CARUSO is dead. Upon every side the sweet, vibrant tones of his wonderful voice still ring out. They will be with us for countless centuries—one might almost say eternity but, then, eternity is such a dreadfully long time.

That is what man's inventive genius has accomplished.

A pretty girl died in Paris. Her beauty, her vivacity, her changing facial expressions, the grace of her figure and her movements all remain on earth to delight every lover of the beautiful who has sufficient interest in them to gaze upon a few thousand feet of film.

That, too, has been accomplished by the ingenuity of man.

Comes now this thought:

Caesar and Nero, Sappho and Hypatia, St. Augustine, Charlemagne, Richard Plantagenet, Galileo, Shakespeare—the whole line of heroes, conquerors, sages and geniuses of history — all were unfortunate enough to pass into nothingness, leaving behind them only "footprints in the sands of time."

We cannot hear their voices, we cannot see their faces, eager, mobile, alive with expression. Which is really a great pity, because it robs us of the opportunity of forming our own personal opinion of them.

But we who are alive die, too, every day. The you of yesterday is practically buried. The you of ten years ago is but a blurred memory. Only the consequences of deeds done or deeds neglected remain.

Why not, therefore, take advantage of this ingenuity of man's and record our voices and our faces and our gracefulness and our awkwardness?

Think of the fat old merchant gazing upon himself cavorting nimbly in his slender boyish days! Think of the worn and wrinkled old woman watching the beautiful smile that illumined her face in the days of her youth! Think of all of us hearing our own voices, seeing our own faces when we were five years old and fifteen years old and twenty-five years old, and so on!

What would be the effect of it? A record is more reliable than a memory. It might rob us of some conceit. If it repeats to us the voice or discloses the animated face of some beloved one who has passed away, it will bring comfort. Above all, it may help us to gauge our progress and our improvement.

The past will no long be irrevocable; we may recall it at our pleasure. We shall no longer be content with mysterious monuments of past activities, such as the pyramids, the sphinx, the ruins of Pompeii, the relics of the mound builders and of the Aztecs. We shall have imperishable records of the workmen at their tasks, hear them talking, grumbling, singing, perhaps.

Comes now this thought, too:

Having thus paved the way to dispelling, for future generations, the mists that have always been associated with the past, who may say that man, ultimately, will not rend the curtain that shrouds the future?

The possibilities of annihilating those mysteries of life that have depressed countless generations are boundless.

It adds to the pleasure of life to speculate upon them.

Stars and Stripes

OF COURSE!

"And also, Geraldine, I hope that no young men will ever kiss you by surprise."
"No, mother, they only think they do!"

"The bride wore," so the paper said,
"A veil and rope of pearls."
She was less 'fraid of taking cold

Than lots of other girls.
Movie actress took a drink of lysol by mistake. By mistake for what?

They put a quart of whiskey in the cornerstone of a bank the other day. Now they'd better lock up the cornerstone in the safe.

The high art of packing is only attained when we can make two pair of trousers go where only one necktie went before.

Rising to the Bait

THEY'RE HUMAN

BY
William Atherton Du Puy

The man on the street is not familiar with the name of Jacques Loeb, yet when he is discussed in any scientific group he is likely to be referred to as the greatest biologist in the world.

In his laboratory in the Rockefeller Foundation in New York Jacques Loeb has the heart of a chicken which he cut from a fowl eight years ago.

That heart is still alive and pulsing. It appears to be normal and healthy and is growing.

I will yield to Mr. Ananias if any one cares to page him.

Commissioner W. W. Husband, of the Bureau of Immigration, states that evasions of the dry law aren't new at all and that they used to work at it up in East Highgate, Vt., when he was a boy.

Liquor in Vermont in those days could be bought from a State official in bottles, if you brought your bottles, and not otherwise. Lou Holmes was thirsty and without funds. He fixed himself two bottles which were identical, corks and everything, except that one was empty and the other was filled with water. He wore one in each hip pocket.

He appeared at the counter of the liquor dispenser, presented his empty bottle and called for gin. The bottle was filled and he pocketed it and fumbled for his purse. He had forgotten his money. Could he not be credited.

The dispensary gave no credit, he was curtly told. Pay or return the liquor.

Sadly he produced a bottle with its clear and colorless liquor, but it was not that which he had just received but its double filled with water. Sadly he waited while the official of the State poured that liquid into the gin barrel and returned the bottle. A quart of water in a barrel of gin, he figured, did no harm. The State lost nothing in the transaction. It was the perfect evasion. Mr. Husband challenges modern methods to beat it.

The throngs were filing into a theater for the matinee and there was much hurrying and fluttering about. A blonde, square-faced, round-headed, well-tailored, athletic-looking gentleman came up the street, oblivious to it all, reading a book as he went. It was Benrich Stepanek, Envoy Extraordinary from the republic of Czecho-Slovakia, one of the choicest products of that ancient civilization, sent to represent it in the United States, which was the basic pattern in its creation.

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Once-Overs

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DO NOT CRITICIZE TOO HASTILY.
By J. J. MUNDY.

Because a person did not tell you a certain thing when you were discussing the matter together is no reason for saying that he did not know it.

No thinking person tells all he or she knows at one hearing.

If they do they do not know much.

The logical, thinking talker or teacher brings things out point by point, as they fit into the happenings of the day and the hour.

To throw a matter or fact in, irrelevantly, is to show that you are not a consistent thinker, or if you are a thinker you are trying to destroy the thought in the other fellow's mind.

Some persons are keen enough to grasp the situation in all its significance intuitively, or apparently without thought.

It is because their minds have certain impressions that you do not know and perhaps a certain happening or statement may be the connecting link for them and they get the result so quickly that you think they must be wrong.

Don't judge another's ability or capacity by what you think you know of them and their experience.

There are persons who so concentrate on a certain subject at hand that you might think they knew nothing else.

Mr. B. Baer

VETOING NATURE.

EUROPEAN scientist is now making precious stones from anything left over from boarding-house dinner. Tosses handful of vacant clam shells into adding machine. Turns handle. Out pop eighteen diamond carrots.

DOPE proves that man can spot nature eight yards handicap and beat her in scientific steeplechase. Nature invented everything and never got anywhere but outdoors. You don't pipe nature getting sore feet from riding in limousines. It's our profiteers who grab thousand pounds of nature's coal and label it one ton.

THERE ain't anything that nature can do that we can't do worse. We can't harness sun power, but we can put bridle on moonshine. Man can't manufacture cocoanut that will fool monkeys. But he can make wooden breakfast food that will swindle fluttering brides.

NO reason to buy your diamonds on instalments when you can make 'em at home like nearly beer. Just mix thousand shoe buttons with some corroding soft drink. Boil until neighbors complain. Set it on runaway wagon to cool off. Result is lavalliere of topazes.

WE can not only improve diamonds and other precious garbage, but we can polish rainbows and decorate sunsets. It takes six months for nature to raise corns and beans. Man can get 'em both in delicatessen store in six minutes if clerk ain't flirting too heavy with lady cashier.

DIAMONDS are supposed to be last act of nature's administration. Nothing is as precious as diamonds. Except bundle of love letters in breach of promise case. Now that we're imitating rare pebbles, let's invent substitute for gold and fool European borrowers.

CHEMISTS held convention in New York last week and voted that it was possible to make perfect man out of chemicals. Possible. But we bet last year's good resolutions against two burned barns that one million chemists couldn't make one frog stop croaking in malaria pond—if it didn't want to.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.
By K. C. B.

THEY SENT him to prison,
JUST THE other day.
AND OF all the men.
I EVER knew.
THERE WAS never one.
WHO IMPRESSED me more.
WITH HIS kindliness.
AND THEY'LL call him weak.
NOW HE'S gone to jail.
BUT HIS friends will know.
THAT HIS weakness lay.
IN HIS sympathy.
A SYMPATHY.
THAT HELP his tongue.
WHEN THE wife he took.
AND THE child that came.
AND WHOM he loved.
AND WHO loved him.
CAST ENVIOUS eyes.
ON ANYTHING.
AND ALL he knew.
AND ALL he sought.
WAS TO provide.
THAT WHICH they asked.
THEIR HAPPINESS.
WAS ALL to him.
AND SO it was.

THEY DRIFTED on.
AND THOUGHTLESSLY.
IN INNOCENCE.
OF WHAT it meant.
THEY WANTED more.
THAN HE could buy.
WITH WHAT he earned.
AND IN his love.
AND GREAT desire.
THAT THEY should have.
ALL THAT they asked.
HE STOLE.
AND WENT to jail.
AND I don't care.
THAT FOLKS may say.
THIS FRIEND of mine.
IS JUST a thief.
FOR SO he is.
AS LAWS are read.
BUT I believe.
SOMEHOW.
SOMEWHERE.
SOMEONE WILL know.
AND IN the book.
WHERE CRIMES are marked.
THERE'LL BE a tear.
BESIDE HIS name.

I THANK you.

A Letter for Young Writers

PROFESSOR THOMAS E. STEWARD, teaching journalism at Dartmouth College, writes:

No. 21 North Main Street, Hanover, N. H.

Editor The Washington Times:

Dear Sir—In conducting a course in journalism at Dartmouth College I have hit upon the notion that the value of the course and the interest of the students would both be increased if I could get straightforward letters of advice to prospective newspapermen from some of the outstanding figures in American journalism.

Are you willing to write a message to my young men? I do not mean, of course, for you to write anything so long as to be a burden to yourself. But I do feel that in the space of an ordinary letter you could tell us something pre-eminently worth while.

Yours very truly,
THOS. E. STEWARD.

Newspaper work outside of the business and mechanical department consists in telling the people what has happened or what others, including the editor, think.

This work of spreading news and opinions can be done in written words or with pictures, the news picture being the reporter and the cartoon the editor in the newspaper world of artists.

You know how much more quickly than words pictures reach the mind of the average human being. Observe the growth of the motion picture industry, as compared with the speaking stage.

The business of every newspaper worker is: "See a thing clearly and describe it simply."

The "thing" may be a dog fight or it may be an abstract idea. The formula to "see it clearly and describe it simply" sounds extremely simple, and it is the most difficult thing in the world.

Among a hundred eyewitnesses of an event, you will not find two to describe it in the same words or in the same way, or to give the same idea of it. And among a hundred you will rarely find one really able to DESCRIBE anything.

Let the young writer bear in mind that, without overdoing his comparisons, he must rely more or less on comparison in conveying an idea. Ask a man: "How big does the full moon look to you?" He cannot answer except by some comparison—"As big as a dinner plate," or "As big as my dining room table," or "A little bigger than a silver dollar."

You know probably that the moon that we all see does not look exactly alike to any two people on earth.

We should advise young men studying journalism, and doubtless their teachers all advise them, to study comparisons in the work of the really great writers. Ask the ordinary young American to describe jealousy, and his literary effort would run probably as follows:

"Gee, it's something fierce."

Byron, a little more explicit, said it was "As though the dead could feel the icy worm around them steal, and shudder as the reptiles creep to revel o'er their rotten sleep, without the power to scare away those cold consumers of their clay."

Shakespeare, much of whose life was made bitter by the whims of a young woman at court, found a good comparison. Rather than endure the pangs of jealousy, he "would rather be a toad and live upon the vapors of a dungeon than share a corner in the heart of one I love."

King Solomon, with the help of divine inspiration, in writing his song, resorted to comparison in describing jealousy, and did it well.

"Jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame."

Young writers must learn to use comparisons judiciously, whether they are answering the question, "How big is a piece of chalk," or trying to describe Tetrazzini's highest high note, when she is supposed to have gone crazy about something in the opera.

Young writers should strive for simplicity, without affectation, and ninety per cent of their reading should be as far away as possible from modern newspaper work. The more you know about many things, the better fitted you are for journalism.

Many Americans that would not dream of working a horse without supplying oats regularly believe that they can work their brains through a lifetime without feeding it. It can't be done. Read good books.

Is newspaper work worth while? It is. More so than any other kind of work, if you get your chance and use it. And there is always a chance, always the possibility, even for the youngest reporter. You are sent out perhaps, it often happens to very young men, to report the birth of triplets.

The reporter with that assignment can tell how small and pink the triplets were, how much they looked like newborn mice, how the mother had to tie ribbons on them to tell them apart, how the versatility of Nature was shown in the baldness of one, the thick black hair of another, the eyes of the third—all that would be read. But it wouldn't do any good or make anybody think.

But if the reporter happens to add that no one but the struggling mother took any interest in those triplets, tells how he went from the triplets' cradle to the dog show, how tenderly up there a prosperous lady, with several assistants, was looking after a litter of new-born Boston bulls, he may do useful preaching more effective than that of the solemn editor.

Newspaper work is worth while because it makes it possible to spread information and, if you have any ideas WORTH WHILE, to put those ideas into the brains of millions of others.

The most important work in the world is getting an idea from one mind into another, if it is the RIGHT idea. Newspaper work makes it possible to get an idea into millions of minds on the same day. There is no power as great as that.